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FRANCES E. WILLARD,

Born September 28, 1839. Died February 18, 1898.

—'Union Signal.'

Frances E. Willard.

('Boston Congregationalist.')

Her death is a loss to the whole world. Her sympathies reached to its remotest bounds and included all humanity.

Of New England parentage, born in Churchville, N.Y., in 1839, Frances Willard passed her childhood and early youth in a country home on what was then the virgin soil of Wisconsin. She graduated from the North-Western Female College, Evanston, Ill., at the age of twenty, and three years later became professor of natural science in that institution. In 1866 she was president of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. In 1871, after two years of foreign travel and study, she was made dean of the Women's College in North-western University, being already a writer of repute and a teacher widely known, with original ideas which she successfully illustrated in practice. She had grown more and more deeply interested in her calling when, in 1874, led by her enthusiastic devotion to the work of women for temperance reform, aroused by the famous Ohio crusade, she left her profession and became secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Through her tireless leadership this organization has undertaken its countless ways to purify humanity through the home, through educational institutions, through society, politics, government and religion.

How can we so illumine this catalogue of events as to make her splendid life of service apparent in its beauty and power? The memory of a delightful morning with her, less than two years ago, at the home of her friend, Lady Henry Somerset, in Reigate, Eng., lingers with us as a benediction. A friendship of almost twenty-five years has taught us to honor Frances E. Willard as one of the bravest, truest, greatest of the world's benefactors of the nineteenth century. She ranked high with the noble women who continue to hold the homage of their own sex after admission to closest friendship. Queenly in spirit, with interest world-wide, she freely gave her attention to the humblest whom she thought she could help. Thousands of young girls have been lifted to higher ambitions and nobler visions by the clasp of her hand and a kindly sentence, uttered with that clear, sweet voice that charmed those who heard it, whether there were thousands listening or one alone standing beside her. Men who knew her well used to say, as the reason why she did not marry, that she was 'a matchless woman.' She made men whom she honored with her friendship at home with her as with a comrade on the highest levels of thought and feeling. She was keenly sensitive to the approval or disapproval of those whom she loved, yet she held her convictions above the influence of affection.

Miss Willard has sought to realize the ideal for mankind with a chivalry and devotion which knew no limit till they exhausted her vital powers. On the platform, in the pulpit, in the editor's chair, in political campaigns, in organizing and leading new movements against intemperance, impurity, poverty—all human sins and ills—no knight of olden or modern times ever more deserved to be called 'without fear and without reproach' than Frances Willard. Her enemies often, her friends sometimes, have questioned the wisdom of the plans and methods she proposed, but none who knew her have ever questioned the purity of her motives. If her sympathies sometimes controlled her judgment it was because they were always putting forth supreme effort in behalf of needy, suffering, oppressed humanity. She sometimes failed where no one has yet succeeded, but it was in the spirit and with the purpose of him who was crucified to save the world.

In recent years Miss Willard has walked consciously on the threshold of the world beyond. Her buoyant spirit has been not subdued, but glorified, by the knowledge that her physical forces were being consumed by her zeal to exalt mankind. She went into the unseen last Friday, with the same firm faith, clear vision, and steadfast courage, by which she has inspired multitudes to follow her implicitly in life's struggle, and which will inspire them still to follow her into everlasting life.

A Conjurer's Conversion.

(By the Rev. George Ringrose.)

The conversion of Robert Craig, the Scotch evangelist, was the most remarkable incident in the life of this interesting servant of the Master. In his youth Robert was a street conjuror and strolling player, and in the pursuit of his calling travelled through all the towns and villages of Great Britain. One night, while stopping at a cheap lodging-house in the East End of London, he met a fellow-craftsman a quack doctor, whose principal prescription was nothing more mysterious than pills compounded of soft soap and flour. During their conversation the 'doctor' was looking over an old trunk, and by accident picked up a New Testament, which with an oath he tossed aside. 'What's that book?' asked Robert. 'A Testament given me by a missionary; you can have it, lad.' Robert took it, and opening the sacred pages, his eyes beheld the following words: 'Nothing unholy can enter the kingdom of heaven!' The young conjurer read on, and that night, on his knees in the lodging-house became reconciled to his Maker.

Having received the light of the gospel, Robert Craig deemed it his life-mission to proclaim the glad news to others. The face of 'Happy Bob' shone like a benediction, for his countenance was illumined with the eternal truth of God. Perhaps my reader has heard of Robert studying the Dutch language, and of his preaching in Holland. A few years ago this saintly man died. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'—'Christian Herald.'

A Brave Christian Doctor.

At the seaside, the other Sunday, I heard a missionary relate the following incident:—

Away in China, where he lives, the poor people have no idea what to do if their children get burned or hurt in any way, and so he began a medical mission for them, where they may bring their little ones to get cured if possible.

One day a man came in carrying his little girl, who could not walk because her leg had been burned, and the part below the knee had grown into the thigh, so the poor child could never unbend her leg.

Her father asked the missionary if he could do anything for her. 'Yes,' he said, 'but it will take a long time, as I must cut down this flesh which has united, and then it will have to heal up again.' The father was very glad to hear that his little girl could be made well again, and the operation was performed. After a few weeks, however, he came in again to see how she was getting on, and asked how much longer she would have to remain in the hospital. The doctor said it would take two months more before she could go home.

'Ah, then,' said the father, 'I cannot afford to let her remain; she is only a girl, if she had been a boy I might have found the money.'

'But you only have to pay for her food,' said the doctor; 'all medicine and attention is free. Surely you will not take the poor child away.'

'Is there no other way to get her well quicker?' asked the Chinaman.

'Yes, there is another way,' replied our friend. 'If you will let me take some pieces of skin off your arm, I can sew them over the wounds and they will heal much quicker.'

'Very well,' said the man, and he bared his arm ready for the operation. But as soon as the doctor began to wash and scrape the arm to get it quite clean, and took his knife, the man drew back and said, 'No, no; I cannot bear it.' Then the doctor turned to the mother and said, 'Let me take a piece from your arm for your little child's sake? Surely you will bear this for her?' but the mother drew back, too, and said she could not have it done.

'Then,' said the missionary, 'I will have it cut out of my arm.' And he called one of the assistants to do it for him; but he refused, as he could not bear to hurt the good missionary.

'Then I must do it myself,' he said. And with a sharp instrument he cut a piece of skin out of his arm and divided it into five pieces, which he stitched on to the little Chinese girl's leg. In course of time she was able to go home and run about, but she will always carry with her the marks of the missionary's self-sacrifice, for in her leg are the five little pieces of white skin. When her friends ask her about it, and say the missionary healed her, she says, 'No, it was the dear Lord Jesus who healed me, for he made the good missionary love me, and bear all that pain for me.'

Was not this a very practical way of showing the Chinese that he was willing to give himself for their sakes? We are not called perhaps to bear as much as this good man, but we are all called to give up for others in our daily life. How often do we give up some pleasure that we may have been looking forward to that another may be able to enjoy it instead of us?

Every day brings some opportunity to bring comfort or joy to others at the cost of a little self-sacrifice on our part. I wonder if we try to seize them!—'The Christian.'

The Coming of His Feet.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of his feet.

I have heard his weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,—
The sorrow of the coming of his feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim,
Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds his victor tread, approaching with a music far and dim,—
The music of the coming of his feet.

Sandalled not with shoon of silver, girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors sweet,
But white-winged, and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and complete,
He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming brings release,
I listen for the coming of his feet.
—'The Independent.'

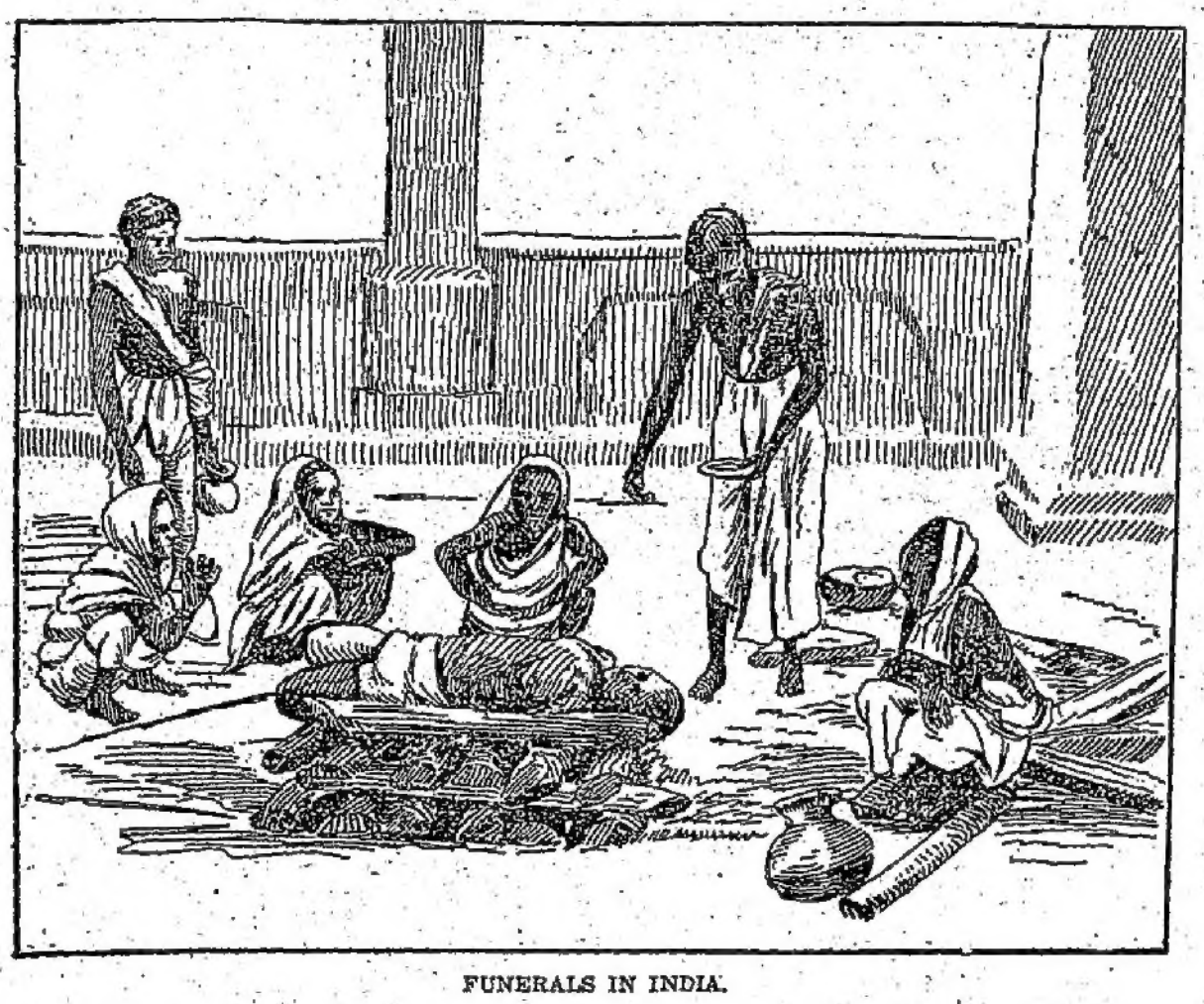
BOYS AND GIRLS

Funerals in India.

(By the Rev. A. G. McGaw, Etawah.)

In the latter part of June, Mr. Forman, of atehgarah, was visiting us, and asked to be ken to the bathing-ghats at the Jumna iver—only less sacred than the Ganges. ust as we were nearing this place we saw small group of men, eight or ten, taking a ead body to a suitable place on the bank or cremation. Both of us had a desire to ee the performance, and, on enquiry learnd that there would be no objection to our eing spectators—also that it was the body f a Brahman. It being a high-caste affair, ve were sure the ceremony would be careully done according to custom, and hence were all the more anxious to see. We followed the crowd. Four men bore the light bamboo frame on which the body lay wrapped in cotton cloth. The rest went along irregularly, some before some after. Some distance behind was a sweeper, who, according to custom, was to get something of this world's goods out of this. Every few rods the funeral party stopped, placed the body on the ground, and someone poured a little stream of Juma water on the ground, making a circle about the body, also sprinkling a little on the body. They soon reached the place, recognized as a usual burning-ghat by the ashes and by pieces of glass bracelets of women who had been burned. Right down by the water's edge preparations were made. First, all the old ashes and dead coals were washed away, by the sacred water, of course, then a layer of dry wood was placed on the ground. The body, still on the bamboo frame, was laid by the water's edge, and two or three near relatives washed it, removed the cloth and put on a new, clean one, and, having rubbed oil and spices on the body, laid it on the wood. The rejected cloth was thrown to the sweeper, and at once, while the funeral solemnities were being enacted, he washed this cloth in the river not twenty feet away. While the body was being washed one man with a stick and stones guarded it from the turtles. The sound of voices had attracted hundreds of them, anxious for whatever of the remains should be thrown into the river. Many of them were immense fellows, with very broad backs, and it required diligence to keep them off. After the body had been placed on the wood, more ghee (clarified butter), was poured on the body, and a big lot of spices, sweetmeats, etc., were put on. The only explanation of this was that it was to counteract the bad odors. Next more wood was piled on both sides and on top of the body, and then the nearest of kin took fire, and, after walking once around, set fire to the pile near the head. All then squatted on the bank, a little to one side, to watch the burning. A good breeze was blowing, which drove away all odors, and made the fire burn well.

After some time the man nearest of kin took a long bamboo stick, and, poking the burning wood off the half-cremated skull, proceeded to strike the skull with all his strength four or five times, then poured on it more ghee, and more wood was applied. We had to leave before the end, but were told that most of the body would be consumed, and what little was left over would be thrown into the river. When people are poor and cannot afford so much wood and ghee more of the body is left, which becomes 'bones of



FUNERALS IN INDIA.

contention among the turtles.' I have heard that they sometimes get burned and drop their morsel very quickly.

Such was a Hindu funeral. Doubtless there had been chanting in the city. There they go along bearing the corpse crying, 'Ram; Ram, is true,' but there were no songs of praise to God, no word of consolation or of hope, no prayer to the God of all comfort. How sad! how hopeless!—'Church at Home and Abroad.'

Mrs. Talbot's First Patient Living.

('The Christian.')

It was a singular fancy, but a very fortunate one. Mrs. Talbot was eccentric enough to think that there was more real satisfaction to be extracted from money spent for the happiness of others, than from its outlay in expensive personal adornment. So when her husband proposed buying her a set of emeralds, she coaxed him to let her have the costly price instead. With it, and some other smaller sums similarly and unselfishly saved, she indulged herself in a long-cherished project, and was a very happy and exultant woman.

'You see, Tom,' she said, when her husband grumbled a little, 'it is such a delightful little place in the very heart of the country. There are two or three extra rooms which we can have fitted up for ourselves, and whenever you want a few days' fishing and an entire rest, we can go there, and it will be quite Arcadian.'

And so for the sake of this miniature Arcadia, so cunningly and skilfully drawn, Tom was induced to accept the whole scheme, which included a small hospital for sick children from London slums, with matron, nurse, and hitherto undreamed of comforts for the little waifs. It was now no longer torture to Mrs. Talbot to go on her rounds of visiting, for she could open out avenues of untold delight to some of the poor little sufferers whom hitherto she had been so helpless to relieve. Many of them had listened, as to a fairy-tale, when their healthier little neighbors came back again with wonderful stories of a day in the country, but to them it had seemed that their poor, diseased lives must always be encompassed by the dreary sights and sounds and odors of a London court. Now she could transport the very worst and most hopeless cases to her Arcadia, and watch the pinched faces brighten, and the shrunken limbs quiver with delight, when they first breathed real country air, and could watch living flowers grow, and hear uncaged birds sing, and be laid in clean little beds in a room whose simple homely comfort was untold luxury in their eyes.

One of the first subjects of this bewitching change was Mary Keenan, daughter of a besotted mother, who traded on her child's diseased condition, and made great gain among the charitable public by a well-timed display of the sores which were gradually draining away strength and life from the underfed frame. It was a matter of extreme difficulty to get freedom for such a profitable captive. 'Moll' Keenan did not want her child to be better for obvious reasons, and it was only by skilful tactics, a little bribery, and an appeal to a spark of motherly feeling that gin had not yet extinguished, that the brave woman gained her end, and succeeded in obtaining permission duly signed and attested, to keep the little girl for six months.

Mary's was one of those rare natures that nothing seems to sour or spoil. She had never ceased to love even her cruel, mercenary mother, had never murmured at her sordid lot, and now her delight in the kindness and sweet wholesomeness of the Home at Fareham amounted almost to rapture, tempered with awe as at something too transcendental to last.

'I didn't think nothink could ever be so folno as this,' she said, in her weak, shrill voice, when Mrs. Talbot came from town and sat by her little cot, and the lady saw in the shining eyes and rapt expression something that compensated her for emeralds even had she ever regretted them. Into the eight years of Mary's life no teaching about God had ever come, the Name itself being only associated in her ear with words of violence and hate. But such children are ready subjects of the kingdom, and she surprised all her new friends by the eager intelligence with which she listened and learned about the Saviour-Friend of little children. 'The lydy says he's a-gettin, a mansun ready for me up in the sky somewheres, as nice as this 'ere room, she says, but I spose not quite. But isn't it awful kind of him, nurse? and then I needn't never go back to Brook's Court.'

The doctor was very pitiful when he ex-

amined the deep-seated ulcers, and told Mrs. Talbot that the case had gone altogether beyond human cure; but to Mary the care and gentle treatment far outweighed the increasing pain and weakness, and when other wee patients came into the ward she radiated brightness and pleasure on them all. Sometimes she was lifted into a lounge-chair near the window, or even wheeled outside into the fairyland of trees and flowers, and then her quaint sayings and overflowing gratitude were an education for her rougher companions. There was a wonderful native refinement and courtesy about her, that made her appreciative of the most ordinary care, and the attendants could not help loving the little girl whose dark eyes always met theirs with such winsome gratitude. Her large heart in turn enclosed them all, but in the very centre of her being was enshrined the 'beautiful lydy,' and with a yet deeper sacredness of feeling the Saviour, who has always had such a magnetic power over 'little children'; and often, when they thought she was sleeping, a murmur of glad words would be heard, about, 'the mansun Lord Jesus was a-preparin'.'

Moll Keenan never came to see her, so she was left in peace, but Mrs. Talbot's heart was often filled with foreboding as the months sped on towards the appointed limit, and she heard from the neighbors when visiting, Brook's Court, that Moll was bent on having her child back again, though she would so gladly have kept her. 'I can only pray that she may be soon taken to the "mansion" she talks so much about,' she said to her husband, whose mutinous feelings towards his wife's 'fad' were considerably modified, though, with true masculine dignity, he kept up a protest, through which the 'cute little woman saw with clearest vision.

They had been away for a Continental holiday, and immediately after their return Mrs. Talbot drove down to Farcham eager to know if Mary, of whose rapidly failing strength she had heard in letters, was still living. The matron had sad news to tell her of a visit from 'Moll,' who had kept careful record of the time, and had appeared on the scene to give notice of claiming her child on the following Thursday, upon which day the six months' agreement ended. 'And did she see Mary?' Mrs. Talbot asked. 'Only for a minute or two. I think she was a little softened when she saw her looking so sweet and spirit-like, but she kept to her word about taking her away, and Mary only smiled at her and said, "But p'raps Jesus will come for me first, Mammy; I think he'll have nearly finished my mansun."'

Mrs. Talbot went into the ward, and there was a world of welcome in the little girl's face, but she was very weak, and could only murmur, 'It ain't quite ready yet, lydy'; and then she was quite content to lie and watch the face which to her was as the face of an angel, and to listen to low, sweet words about her 'mansun,' and the Saviour who was preparing it.

Wednesday came, and almost to the disappointment of the friends who with such keen interest were watching the race between life and time, Mary seemed much brighter and stronger; and their hearts sank as they thought of the dreaded arrival on the morrow, and the possibility of their little charge being snatched from them by a hand more cruel than the hand of death. But Mary had no fears; she lay smiling with a sweet content at her own thoughts, and when tea-time came she was able to be propped up in bed, and, surrounded by her little companions, it was made quite a festive occasion. And then her eyes rested on each one in turn, and lovingly and admiringly on each familiar object in the room, which for six months had been to her as the vestibule of heaven. Suddenly a quick flash of joyous surprise lighted up her face, and in eager tones, that faded as she spoke, the words came, 'My mansun is ready! I am going. Good-bye.' Jesus had come to receive her unto himself. M. C. F.

Percy Park, Tynemouth.

A True Story of a Life Sixteen Winters Long.

(By Adele M. Fielde, in 'The Independent.')

Fitzgerald and I sat together on a soap-box at the top of a hill in the George Junior Republic, at Freeville, New York. I could see his toes through his shoe tips, his shoulder through his ragged coat, his leg through the holes in his trousers, and his brown hair through the straw of his torn hat. But his face was beaming, as it always does when we sit down for one of our talks.

Why he was named Fitzgerald neither he nor I knew; but he has instincts that belong to the name, and that probably came with it from a remote ancestor, who was of clean and gentle blood. Having had no data from which to reason out conventional rules, he nevertheless always provides a seat for a lady; treats the weak with magnanimity; considers his word as good as his bond; meets unexpected conditions with tact, and is altogether curiously well-bred. Yet he never knew his grandparents, and has no idea when, where, or how they lived. The sole proof that they were wholesome people lies in Fitzgerald's sound body and sane mind.

He was born in a tenement in Brooklyn, and thinks that his father and mother were friendly and sober at that time. But his earliest personal recollection is of a room on the top floor of a house on the lower East Side in New York, with a notice of eviction for non-payment of rent pasted on its door. Then the furniture, including Fitzgerald's bed, and the stove on which his mother cooked his food, was all put out of the dwelling, and was sold by his mother on the sidewalk. His father was at the time away on one of his long periodical sprees, and his mother dazed by drink, disposed of every article that had helped to make up the poor place Fitzgerald had known as home. A quarrel between the parents ensued, and then Fitzgerald was taken to the Gerry Society, and his mother was sent to Blackwell's Island. So it happened that during the fifth year of Fitzgerald's life he had clean clothes and sufficient food. Then his father decided to again 'make up the home,' and Fitzgerald returned with his parents to tenement-house life. But the old story of drink, squalid poverty, and quarrels was again rehearsed, and then the father ran away and the mother found a situation as servant in 'Hell's Kitchen.' For eight years thereafter Fitzgerald took care of himself. Sometimes he slept in a cellar, into which its kind owner threw a bundle of straw for him to lie upon, and occasionally brought the cold leavings of a breakfast. Sometimes, when it rained hard, and his tattered clothing was frozen, he raised the cover of a coal-hole, and slid down and lay all night among the coals. Sometimes he slept in an empty box or ash-barrel, always careful that his exits and his entrances should escape the eyes of enemies. His chief terrors above ground were the policemen, and below ground were the rats. How he escaped both was marvellous. His companions were little outcasts, like himself, loved and cared for by nobody.

One day eight of them together, cold, hungry and homeless, determined that they would have a hot meal. They planned a foraging expedition, with minute attention to details and probabilities. Certain members of the party were to knock coals off coal-waggons, and others were to gather the pieces later on, and carry them to a rendezvous in a vacant lot. Fitzgerald was elected to make the grand attack on a butcher's waggon, and slip away with a steak while the driver's attention was diverted by others. The coals made a fire on the snow, the beef was roasted, and five cents, the combined wealth of the eight boys, bought a loaf of rye bread, which was evenly divided among the banqueters. 'Oh, it was good!' said Fitzgerald. 'It was the only hot food I had had for a long time; and I had been very hungry.'

Fitzgerald sold newspapers, held horses in Washington Market, and did any odd jobs that came to hand. He picked most of his food from the gutter, and rejoiced when he found edible refuse about the markets. One night, a friend of his, an industrious bootblack, said to him: 'I know a daisy place in West Thirty-Second street where youse can sleep in a bed for six cents; and can get a meal for six cents, and youse can go along of me, and see how youse likes it. I tell youse it's a daisy!' So Fitzgerald found the Children's Aid Society, and saw a man whom I suppose to be its secretary. That secretary was evidently one who knew a good thing when he saw it. He helped Fitzgerald mightily, and put him in a school, and made him clean and happy.

But right away Fitzgerald's mother came and said that she had a fine home with her married daughter, and that there was a carpet on the floor and a big lamp and an income of sixteen dollars a week for the family to live upon. So Fitzgerald went with her, and then learned that her only reason for wanting him was that he might earn money for her uses. He got a place where he was paid five dollars a week, which his mother spent chiefly in drink, leaving him hungry and ragged as before.

'It was about this time,' said Fitzgerald, 'that I once saw a happy home. It was a cold night, and about dark, and I was on Fifth avenue. A man came home to his house, and the rooms were all lighted up, and I could see everything inside. There was a beautiful lady and two children there; and when the man came home the children ran to him, and he took them up and kissed them, and he put his arm round their mother and kissed her too; and I have always thought about them ever since. I think of them very often.'

'And how old were you, Fitzgerald, when you saw the happy home?' inquired I.

'I was twelve then, and I can see them now just as plain!' said Fitzgerald, who will be sixteen in November.

The best things we ever do are probably those we do without conscious benevolence. To have unconsciously revealed heaven to the sight of one who had never heard or dreamed of its existence, was the good fortune of the woman who made the only happy home ever beheld by that waif twelve years old.

In the dark evening Fitzgerald went back to the Lower West Side, and found that his mother had spent for liquor the dollars with which she had promised to buy him a coat. 'I do not like women,' here said this young misanthrope. 'I have studied them, and I do not like them. There was one woman that I used to study particularly. She had six children, and she used to go along the street, drunk, with all the children following her and crying. She never took care of her house nor washed her clothes. The women are all like that. I shall never marry,' said Fitzgerald, solemnly.

'But,' said I, 'I am not like that, and I am a woman.'

'Oh, o-oh' said Fitzgerald, looking at me

with his wide brown eyes full of surprise. I believe he had till that minute, during our conferences, thought of me as an inhabitant of a world higher than this planet, quite outside of it. I had to turn my head away that he might not see the tears in my eyes. I felt that I had suffered loss through not oftener choosing as my charges those to whom I could really be an angel. Some of us who spend time searching for new emotions should set ourselves to their production in the unloved children of want.

Last spring Fitzgerald heard from one of his acquaintances about the Boy's Free Reading-Room in University Place, and went there to see what it was like. One day some one told him about a large, green open space where many girls and boys were going to be citizens in a Junior Republic. Fitzgerald had no money, and trembled with an awful fear that he could not go; but a lady gave him a ticket, and as he had no goods, chattels, nor social engagements to detain him, he came along straightway.

We were looking out over the fair land, the fields of oats yellow in the sunset, the tender buckwheat stretching in white billows, the sheep grouped under the tall maples, the farmhouses among the orchards. 'Fitzgerald,' said I, 'would you not like to live always in the country, to work hard on the fruitful land; to plant berries, and keep bees and rear chickens, and have a house with sunny chambers, all white and clean, and a parlor with a carpet, and — and—a "happy home" that would be your very own?'

'Oh, o-oh!' said Fitzgerald. And Fitzgerald now has an ideal, and is exercising the self-restraint, the industry, the reverence, that shall sometime make the ideal a reality, God willing.

A Minute Here and a Minute There.

(Dorcas Dare, in 'Zion's Herald.')

'It's a pity,' said Roger Brown.

'Yes ? What ? What is a pity ? I thought you were asleep. You have been asleep, you know.'

Roger repelled this suggestion by ignoring it. He gently lifted the lame foot, which had kept him a prisoner for a couple of weeks, into a more comfortable position upon the chair which held it. Then, repeating his assertion, 'It's a pity,' he added parenthetically: 'The History Club, you know.'

'Oh, yes! you were thinking of Fanny's note about it, and my answer?'

'Yes. It is a pity you cannot join it.'

'It is impossible.' Mercy gave a little sigh. Then, with a little laugh: 'Don't look so grave over it. I shall rub along somehow, if I am an ignoramus. And it is really true that I haven't time for it.'

Roger rubbed his cheek and looked hard at the fire, and Mercy, understanding that he was plunged in thought, leaned back in her chair, and closed her eyes, wearily.

'Roger's a dear boy,' she thought, 'but I hope he is thinking of his own affairs and not of mine. I really haven't time for that History Club, and that settles it.'

She had fallen into a little doze, awakened with a start and a stealthy look at her brother, and had resumed her crocheting, before he again spoke.

'Dear me!' she thought, as his first words revealed the nature of his thoughts. 'He's a dear boy, but, oh, dear! Why doesn't he let me take care of my own affairs?'

'I believe you girls waste a great deal of time,' said Roger.

'I dare say,' carelessly, holding her lace at arm's length, and surveying it critically. 'Pretty, isn't it? I made up the pattern out of my own head. Though,' with a slight touch of scorn in her voice, 'you're mistaken if you mean to include me. I never waste time. How can I? I never have any to waste. I am always busy.'

'Busy! Busy? Do you call turning off such trumpery stuff as that by the yard being busy?'

'It isn't trumpery stuff. It is lace. For trimming, you know. It isn't trumpery; it is useful. And all the girls make it.'

'I said they wasted time.'

'How about football, and baseball, and all the things over which you boys waste your time?'

'They are exercise, they promote health. Health'—

Mercy dropped her work and put her hands to her ears. 'Don't ride your hobby to-night!' she pleaded. 'I know it all by heart! And—and, I really'—

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' interrupted Roger. 'Then you'll be convinced. I'll keep a record of the time I see you waste, for one week, and show it to you.'

'I'm willing. Proceed. Will you begin to night? To-morrow? Very well. I know I do not waste time. But,' with a laugh and a quizzical glance, 'I think you will be wasting your time while you are watching me.'

'A labor of love. I shall consider it well spent.'

'If I am convinced, you mean.'

'You will be convinced. Figures do not lie.'

'How appalling. So you mean to set me down in black and white?"

'In black and white. The blackest of ink, the whitest of tablets.'

A week later, while they again sat together, Mercy crocheting, leaving off from time to time, knitting her brows in her thoughtful attention to a new pattern. Roger silently watching her, the clock on the mantel struck five.

Instantly Roger spoke: 'Time's up,' he said.

'Yes,' indifferently. 'One, two, chain—I wonder if Kate Ryant copied this or made it up — one — two. I declare, I don't see the sense of it! One—two—two'—

'Oh, bother the stuff!' cried Roger. 'Fling it away!'

'The idea!' without lifting her eyes.

'Well, you can hear, I suppose, if you can't say anything more interesting than one — two — two!'

'I'll put it away entirely if your foot aches and you want me to talk to you.'

'I want to talk to you,' said Roger.

'Talk away. I can listen and crochet at the same time. I don't think I'll use this pattern to-night. So begin, dear,' looking up now, with a smile. 'What is it you have to tell me? Some scrape of Tom's ? I heard you laughing together. He made you a nice long call, didn't he? I was so glad he came in just when he did. Fanny Parker came at the same time, you know, and I knew she had something to tell me that you couldn't hear, so you'd have been all alone for an hour unless papa had come earlier than usual.'

'It's no use beating around in this fashion, Mercy,' said Roger. 'You're trying to stave off this thing, you know, and it is impossible.'

'What thing, pray?'

'You know. You've known all day.'

'Indeed!'

'And now,' drawing a paper from the pocket of his dressing-gown, 'you can evade it no longer. The time is up, and I am a man of my word. I said I would watch you for one week and confront you with the written proof that you waste time.'

'Indeed! How kind!' tossing her head. 'Still, I remember I said I was willing. So go on, do, with your paper. It will be amusing, I know. But, possibly, I may have wasted my time purposely, you know.'

'No, it went out of your head at once, just like dates. You could remember dates if you put your mind to it. Of course you could. But I'll begin. You'll listen, you'll drop that everlasting "one-two," while I read it to you?'

'Certainly. I'll put my lace on the mantel. There,' resuming her seat. 'I'm safe from that temptation, but I haven't promised that I wouldn't laugh.'

'You won't laugh,' grimly.

'Won't I? Do begin.'

'I am ready,' returned Roger. 'Now, then: "Wednesday night — Hobbled into Mercy's chamber this morning. Tired to death of one room. Found her sitting in a rocking-chair beside her bed. Saw bed covered with all sorts of stuff."'

'Stuff!' cried Mercy. 'That's all'—

'"Asked her what she was doing. She said she was trimming an everyday hat. Asked her why she didn't get Mrs. Farley to trim it. Said she could save half a dollar by doing it herself. Said she had been overhauling all the boxes to find the right stuff to put on the hat. Said that she hadn't anything that was decent, after all. Stayed in Mercy's room two hours. Saw her sew the stuff on her hat and rip it off four times. Asked her why she didn't keep it on the first time. She said it would look better if she sewed it on a different way. Said she'd leave it the way she sewed it on the last time, but she should rip it off again some other day. Said, after all, she liked the way she had it the first time better than the others. First way looked first-rate. I told her so, but rip off the stuff she would. Ninety minutes wasted out of those two hours."'

Mercy listened quietly, but her smile faded away, a look of vexation replacing it.

'There's one hour and one-half gone,' said Roger, 'Valuable time that you can never get back. In the afternoon you wasted another hour.'

'How? I don't believe'—

Roger held up his hand with a warning gesture. 'It is my day,' he said, 'pray don't interrupt me.'

'I will not, but I'd like to know where I wasted an hour last Wednesday afternoon. Wednesday — Wednesday, why, I remember! Aggie French and Lucy Parsons were here. Aggie came first, and then, just as I was going out myself, Lucy came, and so it was nearly dark when I went out.'

'Yes,' said Roger, 'it was nearly dark, and you forgot two errands in your haste. And you were late because you went to the door with Aggie, and stood there talking with her for more than thirty minutes after she had said good-bye. And did the same with Lucy. I timed you by the parlor clock. You would have shown better manners, you would have saved their time, and you would not have wasted over an hour of your own time if you had let them go when they started. Then,' consulting his memorandum book, 'you wasted three-quarters of an hour Thursday morning in doing the errands you were asked to do on Wednesday. That was a poor beginning. You kept up your record all day. You'—

'How, I'd like to know! Thursday, last Thursday, let me see—I'—

'You were not to interrupt. I have it here in plain black and white. Three-quarters of an hour in the early morning. Later on, a big half-hour went in ripping off the stuff from your hat and sewing it on precisely as you had had it the first time. You said so. One hour and one-quarter. At noon, instead of settling down to your genuine, useful practising, you sat on the piano-stool and drummed with two fingers of your left hand

for twenty minutes. You wasted, you lost, just that amount of time. You practice very little anyway, I notice. I am speaking for your good, Mercy, as you will acknowledge some day.'

'I should think you were one hundred years old,' said Mercy, the ready smile once more appearing on her face. 'I'm greatly obliged for this sudden, brotherly solicitude, I'm sure.'

Roger paid no heed to her bantering tone his voice was serious as he proceeded: 'In *the afternoon you* went out; you needed a walk, you said, and you'd be back in a couple of hours. You came back soon after four o'clock. You left the house at two.'

'Well,' broke in Mercy, 'two and two are four. I said two hours.'

'You came back,' said Roger, 'at the time I have just stated. You were accompanied by Aggie French. It was then a little past four. At 5.30 you came into the house on the run. From 4.10 to 5.30 you stood at the gate talking with Aggie. You had been with her during your walk, you said. In the evening you stood at one of the parlor windows and drummed on the glass for ten minutes. Total of wasted time on Thursday, one hundred and eighty-five moments, or three hours and five minutes.'

'Well—I'—

'Excuse me, but I will go on, if you please. On Friday you offered to go to the library for mother. You left the house at ten. At one you returned. The library is but a ten-minutes' walk. Twenty minutes there and back, forty for selecting the two books you brought home, and you still had two hours to account for. You said you ran in to Gussie Green's, and you had no idea you stayed so long, I asked you what you were doing that you were so absorbed, and you said, "Oh, talking." In the afternoon Aggie came, and again you could not let her go home without hindering her and wasting a half-hour. That displeased mother. I don't wonder.'

Mercy's face was troubled now. She put her hand up to shield it from her brother's reproachful glance.

'That was Friday,' resumed Roger. 'Calling an hour a sufficient time for a friendly call, you wasted one hour in the morning, and a half-hour in the afternoon. In the evening it rained, and at half-past seven, when you felt pretty sure that no one would be in, you yawned and went off to bed. You were not sleepy, I know.'

'Well, I declare!' exclaimed Mercy.

'You would have stayed up if it had been a fine evening. Then on Saturday mother asked you to dust your chamber and mine. You did so. You grumbled to me because you wanted to run over to Aggie's, and so you whisked a feather duster round a bit and then off you went, leaving so much dust behind you that I took a cloth and did it properly. You, therefore wasted my time. Your own you wasted by going down town with Aggie.'

'Wasted! We went shopping, if you please.'

'Shopping? For whom? You brought home samples of stuff, I know, but when mother asked you why you took them, when she had not asked you to get them for her, and you certainly did not want them for yourself, you replied, "Oh, just for the fun of roaming through the stores." Well, it may be fun for you, but I doubt if the salesmen consider it fun to wait on people who have absolutely no intention of purchasing their goods. I leave it to your conscience to decide whether it is according to the Golden Rule. And waiving the questions of right and good breeding, it was a clear case of wasted time. You were out of the house nearly four hours. Two hours would have been amply sufficient for a call on Aggie, and a long walk besides. Nearly two hours wasted, you see, and a very poor music lesson in the afternoon, in consequence. Miss Aiken was "as cross as two sticks," you said. And I don't wonder.'

'You are frank,' said Mercy. 'Frank and merciless. Why shouldn't I have a good time as well as the rest of the girls?'

'I said you girls wasted a great deal of time I said it was a pity. You are all forming habits of idleness you will find hard to break by and by.'

'Mentor, my Mentor, my dear old Mentor!'

'I am four years older than you and I have wasted time myself. Once gone it is gone, Mercy dear. Well, then, passing over Sunday, you began on Monday morning by rushing down to the gate and waylaying Lucy Parsons, who was going past—on some errand, probably, when you happened to see her. I asked you what you had to say that was so important, and you replied that you wanted to tell her that you'd be over in the afternoon. You could have said that in two minutes. You stood at the gate bare-headed fifteen minutes, and no one knows how much longer you would have stayed if mother had not asked me to call you in. Fifteen minutes. I'll allow you five, and call it ten minutes. Then, sulky at being called in, you sat at the breakfast table and dawdled over your breakfast till you really could not keep Sarah waiting any longer. Twenty minutes wasted there. Then you went into the parlor and begun to hunt for one of the library books. I told you it was in my room, but you declared it was not, and wasted ten minutes in looking for it, Then you took my advice, ran up to my room, and found it where I said it was. Forty minutes before ten o'clock! That was a bad beginning. Well, to cut a long story short'—

'Roger, don't tell me any more! Don't!'

'But I kept the record for a week. You can read Monday and Tuesday, if you prefer.'

'I don't prefer! I don't want to read it or hear about it! It is too dreadful! Dear me! I never thought a minute here and a minute there could count up in that appalling way!'

'They do, you see. And yet you told me you never had any time to waste. You said' —looking at her with a kindly smile—'you were always busy.'

Mercy was silent for some moments. Then, looking up and meeting Roger's friendly gaze, she said: 'Are you really so anxious that I should join Fanny's History Club?'

'I think it would be an excellent thing for you,' said Roger; 'but—but—well, the truth is, Mercy, that, since I hurt my foot, I have noticed your ways more than ever before, and I have had long talks with our mother, and I can see that, while she wants you to have plenty of friends and plenty of good times, she feels anxious lest these habits of frittering away time fasten themselves upon you. The drunkard never means to be a drunkard, you know. He always thinks he is strong enough to break away from the habits he is forming.'

'And mother thinks my careless ways will grow into confirmed habits, does she?'

'She fears it.'

'Then I'll reform. I'll begin to-day. How shall I begin? Tell me, Roger?'

There was a laugh in Roger's voice when, after a moment's consideration, he replied: 'If I were in your place I think I would begin by letting the girls go when once they had said good-bye.'

Mercy laughed, too. 'We do talk, don't we? But I'll do it! And I'll join the History Club, too!'

Reforms do not come in a day. They are as Mercy often thought, the hardest and the slowest plants to take root. Nevertheless, though she stumbled often, she persevered, and, little by little, effort upon effort, she broke the habit that would, in time, have made her its slave.

God's Will.

I would not change it if I could,
It is so sweet to say,
'My loving Father "counts my steps,"
And even "sees my way."'

He marks the path my feet shall tread,
This dearest heavenly friend;
With 'thoughts of peace' he bringeth me
To 'an expected end.'

His promises my staff shall be,
As girt with truth and love,
With gospel-sandaled feet I'll climb
Firmly to heights above.

The mists of earth may cloud my way,
Round me its tempests roar;
I know there's purer light above,
Clear shining evermore.

Sometime the summit I shall gain,
And faith's enraptured sight,
Heavenly horizons there shall view
With wonder and delight.

There, pausing ere I gain my rest,
I shall look back and see
Life's rugged path, it was the best,
Because marked out by thee.

—Waif.

The Ocean.

'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempest, in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,
Thou image of Eternity, the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.'

—Byron.

Correspondence

TEMPERANCE STORY COMPETITION.

We offer a prize of one of our splendid bibles for the best temperance dialogue or story, whether true or imaginary, written by any one over fifteen years old. It must not be more than four hundred words in length, and must be sent in before April 20. Write on one side of the paper only, and very distinctly.

'Alice' writes from Picton to tell us of her journey from England some years ago. She writes a very well-formed hand, perhaps that is because she is an English girl. English girls generally write more than Canadian girls, and they are taught to answer letters promptly, which is a very good thing to do. Shall we ask Alice to tell us something about her mission band, if she belongs to one? 'Christina,' sends us a fairy tale this month. She will probably be able to write very nice children's stories when she is fifteen, for she has a good command of language; but the best practice just now would be to notice things that really happen and write them down in as interesting a way as possible. We have seven nine-year-olds in a row this week. They all seem to have good times with their pets, or their friends. What a little worker 'Bella' was when she

was seven! We are glad to see that most of our little correspondents write in ink and on one side only of the paper. Please give us always your full name and address.

Schomberg.

Dear Editor, — We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger,' for a year, so I thought I would write you a letter. We go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have a very nice teacher. My Uncle George was here from Dakota, my pa's brother. It was the first time I ever saw him. My Cousin Annie was with him, and we had some good fun sleigh-riding. I will now tell you about my pets. One day pa was going for a cow and I went with him. The man that pa got the cow from gave me a rabbit and I made a cage for it, after a while it got quite tame, and it would eat oats out of my hand, and then I let it out, and I could catch it any place. I have a pair of nice pigeons and a dog, who will pull me on my sleigh. He ran away with me after a pig, and upset me against a log, and the pig ran over me. I got on the sleigh again and then he ran over a big stone with one runner and upset me again, then I took off his harness and went to school. Our school has three rooms, and I am in the junior part yet; but I expect to get into the second part at Easter. I have a litle brother, Stanley. My grandpa, who lives near Bradford, Simcoe County, gave him a sleigh for a New Year's present. I tried to get twenty subscribers for the 'Messenger,' so I could get the bible you offered as a prize; but only got fourteen. I will try again next year. I will maybe try again this spring and get one of your flower-seed offers. I am nine years old. Yours truly,

STEWART.

Riverfield, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old, and I live in the country, and I go to school every day, and go to the Sabbath-school once a month, during the winter months, and every Sunday in the summer. I have a dog named Roger, and he goes for the cows every night and morning, in the summer time. He is frightened of thunder. I have a little kitten and I call it 'Blackie,' for it is black. I like it, for it plays with me (I will not give it much pfaise for catching mice, but perhaps it will learn after a while), but one morning after it got its breakfast it went out and has not been seen since. It has been away four days, and I am sorry it is lost. I have two sisters, but no brothers. I receive the 'Messenger' from a friend, and I am very glad to get it. I will close now, wishing you and your paper success. Yours truly,

GERTIE.

Fairfield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, twenty miles from St. John. My home is two miles back from the Bay of Fundy. My papa is a farmer. I have two sisters and one brother. We have a dog, his name is Towzer. He hauls me on the hand-sled in winter. I go to school, I am in the fourth book. In summer we have a nice flower-garden at the school-house. We have pansies, dahlias, pinks, and daisies, etc., in it. I often go fishing trout in a nice brook near our house on Saturdays, which is fine fun for me, and I like to eat them fried in butter. I have two pet chickens, which I feed and attend to. I am nine years old and one of your little readers.

ROBBIE.

Bainsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Papa takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like it very much. I always read the Little Folks' page first. It is very kind of you to have a page for little people. I saw the Correspondence Department, so I wanted to tell you how I made missionary money, when I was seven years old. I earned ten cents by picking strawberries. Then I set a hen with a dozen of eggs, which I bought with the ten cents. Seven nice little chickens came out; but four died and I sold the rest for thirty-five cents. I gave that for missions. I have no pets. But I have a brother and sister. Your little friend,

BELLA.

Age, nine years.

Ionia, Michigan.

Dear Editor, — I am nine years old, and have taken the 'Messenger,' for two years. My papa takes the Montreal 'Witness,' and I read the 'Boys' Page.' I used to have a whole lot of pets, but they all died except one little yellow cat.

I have an aunt who is a missionary among the Indians. Perhaps you would like to know some of the Indians' names. There are Catch White Man and Eat Him, Steal White Man's Cattle, Heap of Bears, Stumbling Bear, and Poor Buffalo. The Indians make soup out of dogs. They are not fat dogs either; but thin, scraggly things. They call what they like to eat sweet chuck away, because they like to chuck it away in their mouths.

I have two brothers and three sisters. I am the youngest and they call me Dimple. This is my first letter to any paper, Yours truly,

ANNIE.

Terrebonne.

Dear Editor,—I am going to try and write to you for the first time. I am nine years old. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. Papa takes the 'Witness,' and, although I am a girl, I like the 'Boys' Page.' My grandpapa is in the 'Witness' Office. I have three sisters and one brother. I have a little baby sister without a name. My little brother, three years old, calls her 'Precious.' I belong to the Helping Hand Society. One of my school mates had a party on Friday, and I went to it. We had recitations and tableaux. One of them was a wedding, and my sister, seven years old, was the bride. We also played musical chairs, and a game called chase the feather, this game is played by all the children sitting around holding out a sheet, each one blows the feather about from place to place, while one of the party runs about behind the square, trying to catch the feather. Yours truly.

BERTHA WALLACE.

Stony Island.

Dear Editor,—Near where we live there is a nice sand beach a mile long. It is a fine place to drive, and in summer we hold picnics there. My grandpa and grandma live with us, and they are very old people. They cannot see to read, and I read to them. I have a little dog named Roy, and when he hears any kind of music he howls. I have a bird that my uncle brought from South America. His body is a light color and his neck and head are red. I have a large cat, and she is very good and kind. Wishing you every success, I am your little friend.

BEULAH.

Picton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the town of Picton, which is beautifully situated, on the Bay of Quinte, and is generally known to be the prettiest town in Ontario. I have lived here for four years. In 1893 my brother and myself came over to Canada from the pretty town of Brighton, which is on the south coast of England. Here we got on board the cars, which are very different to those of Canada, and went northward, passing the little town of Hastings, which is nestled among the hills of the South Downs.

We next came to the city of Stroud, which is a very interesting place. The railway track here is below the town, and on either side of it is a large platform with projecting roof. Upon these platforms newsboys, are hurrying to and fro, and some gentlemen are sitting reading the morning papers. The next place of interest is Derby, and from the car windows we can see the tributaries of the Sovern, sparkling and glistening in the sunshine, like quicksilver.

After a long ride we come to Liverpool, the smoky, commercial city of England, and after visiting the Sailors' Home and various other places of interest, we went to the Princess stage, and boarded the 'Parisian.'

The weather was calm and pleasant, and the cold breeze of the ocean made the warm May sunshine welcome. As we came near Nova Scotia it became suddenly colder, and we had to exchange the deck for the cabin.

We arrived at Quebec after eleven days' sail, on May 23. The old citadel was a place of much interest, and we saw for ourselves the path by which Wolfe led his troops to battle. Two days later we arrived at Montreal, and, after visiting various places of interest, boarded the cars, and soon arrived at the Limestone City (Kingston), and from thence to the pretty little town where I now reside.

I have been a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger' for the past two years, and I think it is the best children's paper, for the price, in either Canada or England.

I shall write you a description of London or the Killarney Lakes, whichever you prefer, or a letter on missions, in which I am deeply interested. Hoping this letter is not too long, I remain your thirteen year old friend,

ALICE.

Sault Ste, Marie.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would send you another letter,—this time a short story I wrote about a little fairy called 'Merry Legs,' In Scotland, at one time, people believed in fairies; but now, all, except very young children know better, and I think it is a great pity.

Once upon a time, not far from here, there lived a family of fairies. Being very little folks, they did not take up much room, so that nobody knew they were so near. The largest was not bigger than a good-sized teacup, and they wore clothes that made them invisible. The youngest was a little maiden, as pretty as pretty could be. Her eyes were blue, and her cheeks had a spot of red in them; and with her happy ways, she made sunshine in the house, when there was none outside. She was so very happy that it was hard for her to keep still for a moment. When she was not sleeping, her little feet kept always going, and so they named her Merry Legs, She was always teasing those she loved the best. When her papa was employed in carrying water from the river, on washing days, she would snowball him, and not heed his cries for mercy, till he was obliged to set his pails down and throw snow too. One morning her dear papa did not wake up, nor the next, nor the next, and on the fourth morning they laid him under the sod, where the forget-me-nots grow thickest, and after a while her mother was laid there too. As years went by her thoughts became more serious, and she hardly ever smiled at all. She loved now to sit in the old arm-chair that had once been her mother's, and at last seldom left it, but sat knitting away from morning till night. Her cheeks were no longer rosy, but pale and worn, and one could see that her hair had nearly all changed to be beautiful threads of silver. When no one was in the room the tears would often fall upon her poor thin hands, that never stopped knitting. Then little chubby faces would peep in at the open door, and whisper softly, 'poor grandmother. Merry Legs.'

CHRISTINA.

When Mamma Was Gone.

(Jessie E. M. Lamphey in 'Young Soldier.')

Bessie was as happy as a little girl could be. She fairly danced around the room for joy. Grandma had sent her a flat iron. Not a tiny toy one, only fit to use on doll's clothes, but one big enough to do real service. It happened to be ironing day, too. Out on the kitchen table was a big basket full of clothes, nicely sprinkled and folded.

'May I help you to iron to-day, mamma?' asked Bessie, in a pleading voice.

'I am afraid you are hardly big enough to iron the large things,' replied mamma. 'Suppose you iron dolly's sheets.'

'But my iron is big enough to iron the big things,' continued Bessie. 'Won't you let me try?'

'Yes, I'll give you a towel to begin on, and see how well you can do it,' said mamma.

Bessie was delighted, and put her iron on the stove to heat it. After a little time mamma thought it was hot enough, and Bessie brought her ironing board and holder. The towel was laid on the board, and she set to work. First she carefully wiped the iron on a paper, as she had seen mamma do, and then did her very best to make the towel smooth, after which she carefully folded it and hung it on the line. When mamma looked at it she said it was done very nicely. She laid a pile of towels on the end of the table, and left Bessie to work away at them while she went upstairs to make the beds.

Backward and forward went Bessie's iron, until five smooth towels hung nicely on the line.

By this time the iron was cool, and again she put it on the stove. Just then one of her playmates came to see her.

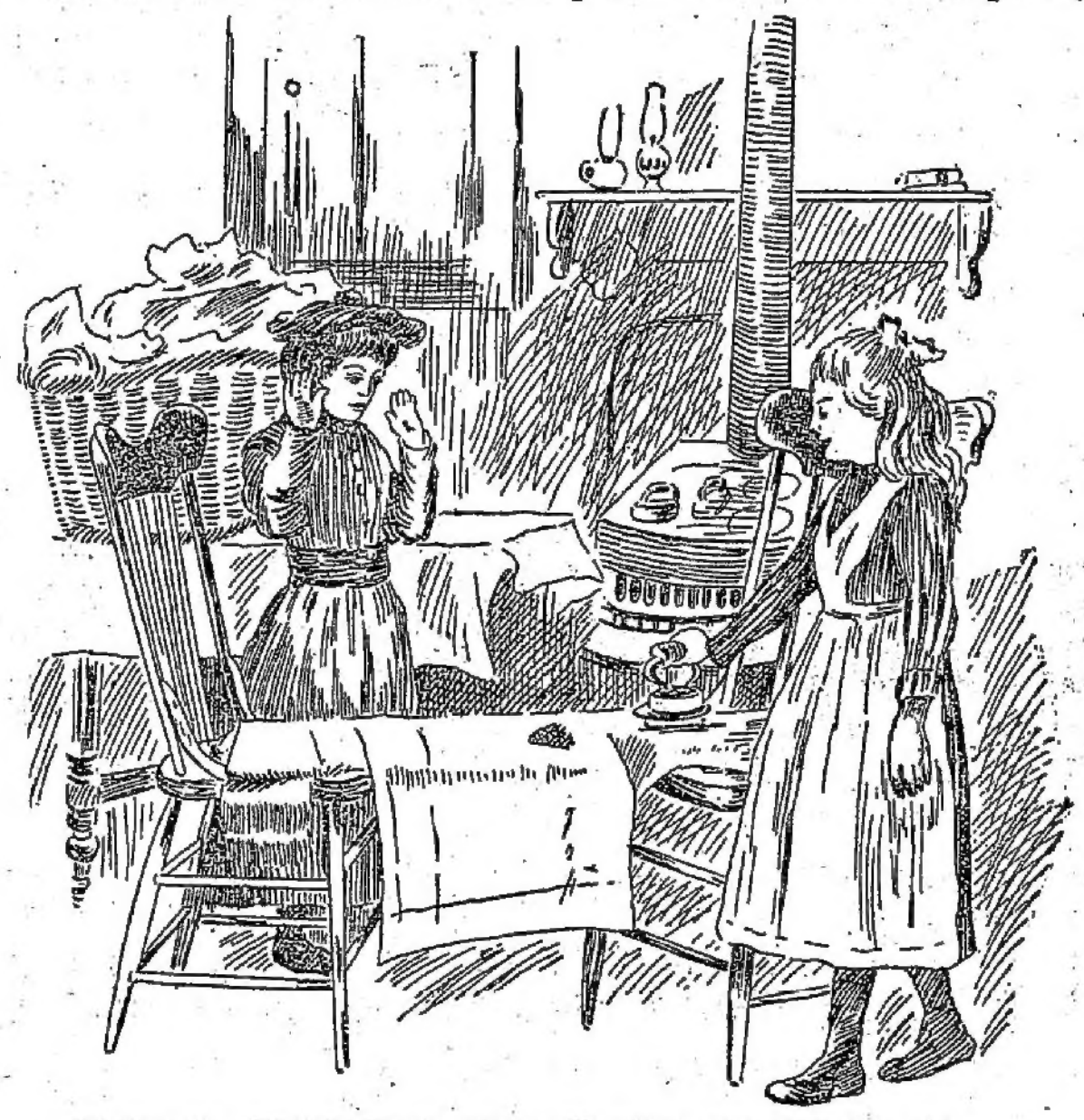
'Hello, Annie, just look here and see what I've done!' she cried, pointing to the towels. 'Grandma sent me a real iron, and mamma said I might iron all these things. It's such fun!'

'Did you iron those towels yourself?' asked Annie.

'Yes, every one of them,' replied Bessie. 'Don't they look nice? Mamma couldn't do them much better, could she? There, my iron must be hot again. I think I will iron a pillow slip. I guess mamma won't care,' and she took one from the basket and laid it on the board. Down went the iron upon it; there was a strange smell, and as she lifted the iron she saw a dark brown spot.

'Why, Bessie, how could you do such a thing?' exclaimed Annie. 'Let me tell you. Just put it in the basket, underneath all the other things, and your mother will never know you did it.'

'I shall not!' cried Bessie. 'I



'THERE WAS A STRANGE SMELL, AND AS SHE LIFTED THE IRON SHE SAW A DARK BROWN SPOT.'

am going to tell her this minute,' and she rushed upstairs to find her. 'O mamma!' she exclaimed, all out of breath, 'see what I have done! I am so sorry; I didn't mean to.'

'But I did not tell you to iron that,' said mamma. 'Where did you get it?'

'Out of the basket, mamma,' said Bessie, half between her sobs. 'I wanted to show Annie how well I could iron, and the first thing I knew it was burned. Won't it come out?'

'No, dear,' replied mamma, 'nothing will take it out. Mamma is very sorry, not because the pillow slip is burned; that is a small matter. But did you know that I did not want you to touch the things in the basket?'

'Yes,' said Bessie, hanging her head.

'I did not tell you to touch them, for I thought it was not necessary. I am very much grieved to know that my little girl did what she knew mamma did not want her to do, and what she wouldn't have done had I been there. Do you know that every act of disobedience leaves a mark on our hearts, just as the hot iron left its mark on the pillow slip? After this has been washed a few times that brown spot of cloth will come to pieces, and the pillow slip will be useless. So, if you go on making marks on your heart by doing wrong things, your life will be wasted, and you will be shut out of Heaven. Jesus will give you a clean heart, if you will ask Him to, and take from you this old heart with all its desires to do wrong. Will you not ask Him to forgive you and give you the clean heart now?'

'Yes, indeed I will,' answered Bessie, burying her head in her mother's lap.

Archie's Lesson.

(By Kate S. Gates.)

Papa was away, and the baby was sick. Mamma could not leave him to go to church, so there was no one to go with Archie.

'Mayn't I just go by my own

self?' he pleaded. 'I'll be ever and ever so good, and remember the text for you, and maybe some of the sermon. Mayn't I go?'

Mamma hesitated a minute, then she consented.

'I am sure I can trust my little boy,' she said, and Archie went off very happy and proud. He sat in papa's seat, and felt quite important. He had found the text after considerable hunting, and now he was wondering if the sermon was not almost done.

He had said his Golden Text once to himself, to be sure he had not forgotten it, and then he put his hand in his pocket to satisfy himself he had not lost his pennies.

And then, I am sure I do not know how it happened, but he thought of the candy in Mrs. Draper's window. Archie was very fond of candy, but mamma did not like him to eat it, so he seldom had any.

'Tommy Baker has some 'most every day,' he thought, in an aggrieved way, 'and he isn't sick, either. I don't see why I can't have some once in a while. Maybe if I did, and it didn't make me sick, mamma wouldn't care any more, and let me have all I want. I wonder—if there would be any harm—in my keeping one of my pennies and getting a chocolate stick tomorrow?'

Now, Archie knew very well that there would be a great deal of harm in doing so, but he just shut his eyes to that view of the case, and would not see it.

'Of course, if I supposed mamma didn't want me to have it,' he reasoned, 'it would be different; but you see all she cares is she is afraid it would make me sick, and I'm ever so sure it wouldn't. I can tell her all about it afterward.'

Well, you know just how it was, Archie kept thinking how much he wanted the candy, and he would not let himself think how wrong it would be to get it in this way. So, when Miss Dayton passed the box in Sunday School, Archie only put in one penny.

But after the box had passed him, do you know it seemed to him that everybody could see that penny down there in his pocket, and would know how he had kept it back. On the whole he felt very uncomfortable, and the worst of it was he dreaded to see mamma.

He went the longest way home, and walked as slowly as he possibly could, and he sat down on the piazza quite a little while, in fact until he heard the dinner bell ring. He was not very hungry, and asked to be excused before the dessert was over.

'I just wish I hadn't thought of the old candy' he said impatiently to himself, as he swung in the hammock.

'I've a good mind not to get it; there's no fun doing a thing when you feel so mean. I can save my penny and put in the box next Sunday, and it will be all right, and nobody will know anything about it.'

Archie slipped his hand into his pocket, and an instant later took it out empty, for there was no penny there!

He turned his pockets inside out, he felt in them all, but there was no penny to be found, he had lost it; and now what was to be done?

He could not get the candy, certainly, and he did not care much for that; but why need he say anything about it to any one?

'I don't see what good it will do to go and tell mamma now, it won't bring the penny back, and it will just make her feel sorry. She says you shouldn't make folks feel bad if you can help it, so I don't think I ought to tell. There needn't any one know anything about it, and I'll never do so again, I know.'

Just then mamma called.

'Come and tell me the text now, Archie,' she said.

So he went and sat down beside her, and found the place in her Bible.

'"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart,"' she read aloud.

'Do you know what that means, dear?'

Poor little Archie! a great lump came up in his throat, and it seemed to him he could not look up into mamma's face.

Did that verse mean that God had been looking right into his heart all the time, and knew all about the penny? Yes, of course he knew; why hadn't he remembered before, that he saw and knew everything?'

He hated to have mamma know he would be so mean as to steal; it was very much like stealing, for it was not his money. He dreaded to tell her, but God knew, there was no hiding it from him!

It made him so ashamed and afraid!

'Tell me all about it, dear,' said mamma, for of course she had known all the time that something was wrong.

So Archie confessed.

'I'm very sorry mamma,' he sobbed. 'I s'pose I knew all the time that I was doing wrong, only I just wouldn't listen when somebody tried to tell me so. I wanted the candy, and I thought nobody would ever know. I forgot about God's seeing everything. But I'll never forget again, at least I don't believe I will.'

The next day Archie weeded in the garden for papa two hours, and though he was very tired, he felt happier because he had earned a penny in place of the one he had lost.

'And I shall remember always,' he said, gravely.

And to help him, mamma gave him a pretty card to hang in his room, with these words on it: 'Thou, God, seest me.'

The Little Ones He Blessed.

I wonder if ever the children
  Who were blessed by the Master
    of old
Forgot He had made them His treasures,
  The dear little lambs of His fold.
I wonder if, angry and wilful,
  They wandered afar and astray,
The children whose feet had been
    guided
  So safe and so soon in the way.

And my heart cannot cherish the
    fancy
  That ever those children went
    wrong.
And were lost from the peace and
    the shelter,
  Shut out from the feast and the
    song.
To the days of gray hairs they remembered,
  I think, how the hands that were
    riven
Were laid on their hands when
    Christ uttered,
  'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

He has said it to you, little darling,
  Who spell it in God's Word to-
    day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
  You also believe and obey;
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour
    in heaven
  If one little child shall go wrong,
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
  Shut out from the feast and the
    song.

—'Sunday Hour.'

Catechisms for Little Water-drinkers.

(By Julia Coleman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON II.

THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN.

1. What is this little drinking-house that every one can close?

Our body that God has given us for a home to live in.

2. Can we walk out and leave this home?

We must stay in it as long as we live.

3. Are there any windows to this house?

The eyes are the windws. (Motion.)

4. Is there a roof on this house?

Yes, a roof thatched with hair. (Motion.)

5. Is there a door?

The mouth is the door. (Motion.)

6. What kind of a door is that?

A folding door that opens both ways. (Motion.)

7. Where is this door?

Below the eyes, so they can see all that comes in.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard M. Ingham, Secretary Non-partizan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON II.—A BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE.

Let the lesson begin with a conversation about any very fine church the children may have seen. Let them describe it—its costly material, imposing proportions, beautiful windows and furnishings.

1. How should such a building be cared for?

It should be kept perfectly clean and protected from anything that would injure it.

2. Would it be right to break the beautiful windows, or to tear or soil the furniture of such a church?

Certainly not.

3. And why not?

Because they are so beautiful and costly, and especially because the church is God's house.

4. What kind of a temple did God direct the people of Israel to build for him?

A house of beautiful, sweet-smelling wood, of white, shining marble, and gold. It had the most beautiful embroidered curtains and many of the vessels used in it were of pure gold.

5. What care did God direct to be taken of it?

A great many men were appointed to take care of it, to keep it always perfectly clean and shining, and to provide for God's worship there.

6. When the Lord Jesus was on earth what did he do twice at the temple?

He found people selling things in the temple courts, and he drove them out and insisted that the beautiful golden, and marble temple should be carefully kept from every evil thing.

7. What does the bible say about our bodies?

It says: 'Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?'

8. How has God made our body-temples?

He has made them very perfect and beautiful, with wonderful, delicate machinery, and a strange brain-chamber, where our minds live and think, and hearts in which God himself asks to live.

9. What care should we take of these body-temples?

Just as much care as we would take of a grand temple of gold and marble. We should keep them clean and pure, and we should not do to them anything that would injure them.

10. Have we any right to put into our bodies anything that will injure them?

No, indeed; for our body-temples are not our own, but God's, and he commands us to glorify him in our use of them.

11. What does the bible say about this?

It says: 'Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's.'

Hints to Teachers.

It is the purpose of this lesson to impress upon the children a real reverence for their own bodies, as the dwelling-place of God himself. A bright, vivid description of Solomon's wonderful temple, or of Herod's temple, built of ponderous blocks of pure marble, shining with gold, and with its great golden vine over its golden doors, will interest the children and lead to the impression we wish to make—of the beauty and sacredness of the body-temple, and the reverent care due it. They should learn the scripture texts quoted, and repeat them again and again as the lessons proceed. If they can be led to this reverent feeling toward the body a great point will be gained.

Boys and Tobacco.

The school teachers of Chicago have initiated a movement looking to the removal of the cigarette curse from the schools. At a meeting of the Chicago Teachers' Club the subject was fully discussed. Miss Went-worth said:

'That the evil is a curse in the schools, I think unquestionable. The sale of the article, in my opinion, should be made a criminal offence in every state. Its poison is the worst in the world, next only to prussic acid. It taints the breath, oppresses the brain, depresses the heart, wastes the muscles, stains the skin, deteriorates every organ and tissue, and threatens life itself. That it is filthy will not be denied. It is no less expensive.

At West Point tobacco in all its forms is forbidden to the nation's wards. Who is to take care of our youth here? Here you have pale, delicate lads in your room. I have them in mine. In France there is a law forbidding the use of tobacco in all the public schools of the republic. It is here used by such young children, and their average age is constantly becoming less. The production of paper cigarettes for many years past has not been less than 500,000,000 annually. The great majority are manufactured in New York city. The increase is largely due to the cultivated taste for artificial flavors. None are manufactured in this city, as far as I know. The stumps are collected by Italian and Polish children and old men, and used for smoking tobacco, not made again into cigarettes. Oftentimes much creosote is contained, developing consumption. Memory and attention are injured by it. Iowa has passed a law that cigarettes shall not be sold in the State, not only to minors, but to any one. As long as men use tobacco, boys will. I come from a tobacco region—Virginia—and the smoke does not affect me at all, but I do see its pernicious effect on others. Enough is spent in this way to feed, clothe, and shelter half of the suffering and poor of the country. If the statistics mean anything, something must be done to save child-life. We teachers and other philanthropists are not sufficiently aroused about the magnitude of cigarette smoking.

Another teacher said:

Two-thirds of the school-boys of Chicago are victims of the cigarette habit, and it is not known to the teachers and the parents until it has become too strong to be shaken off. The result is injury physical and mental. While there are many instructors appointed by the board of education, I am sure that their combined efforts do not equal the efforts of the adjoining school stores to achieve their destructive mission.'

Miss Ottenheimer spoke on the school store:

'Most of these stores so convenient to the schools,' she said, 'and often run expressly to catch their trade, sell cigarettes. It is our duty as teachers, to establish a sentiment that is on the side of what is right and uplifting in this matter. It is here bad literature is dealt out also with lavish indecency. These stores not only supply, but create a demand.'

Mrs. Oleson, of the McCosh School, said among other things:

'We have been trying to stop cigarette smoking. I went about the school in the first place, and talked frankly with every child, in the building, I think. I spent probably ten or fifteen minutes in each room. I asked the children to tell me how many of them had never used tobacco in any of its forms whatever. I found by going through the rooms and counting the children that there were about one hundred and fifty boys out of four hundred who had used tobacco. Most of them had used it in the shape of cigarettes. About thirty had not smoked, and this was a great encouragement. They had joined an anti-tobacco society in the Park Manor School. Thirty used cigarettes constantly. Their minds were injured by the use of them. About two weeks ago we began a crusade against the cigarettes. The teachers helped me, and the children united to help us. All determined to boycott every store in the vicinity that sold cigarettes. All voted not to buy any candy, chalk, paper, pencil, or anything in the world in any store that sold cigarettes or bad literature. Three stores were thus blacklisted, that had been in the habit of selling cigarettes. Soon the storekeepers came and said they had determined to sell no more cigarettes, and they wanted us to know that hereafter they would not do so. I found that one of the stores on Cottage Grove Avenue, that had probably sold our children more cigarettes than any other place around there, gave it up last week, because it did not pay them at all; they could sell no candy whatever.'

One boy went across the street to a shop-keeper and asked, "Please, ma'am, do you sell cigarettes?" "Why, yes, child, certainly; very nice ones, and very cheap." Said he, with tears in his eyes, "Well, then, I can't buy in your store, because we don't trade in any such stores." And he immediately went out and bought his candy across the street.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

The Temple Within.

I know a little temple,
Its walls are dim and low,
Yet up and down its darkened aisles
The blessed angels go.

And he who keeps the temple
Should pray to God to-night,
That Faith may light the altar flame,
And Hope may keep it bright.

And may no evil spirit,
Have in it place or part,
What is this temple beautiful?
The temple of the heart.

—American Paper.

LESSON XII. — MAR. 20.

John the Baptist Beheaded.

Matt. xiv., 1-12. Memory verses, 6-10.

Golden Text.

'Keep thy heart with all dilligence; for out of it are the issues of life.' (Prov. iv., 23.)

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xiv., 1-13. — John the Baptist beheaded.

T. Mark vi., 14-29.—Herod's guilty conscience.

W. Dan. v., 1-31. — Belshazzer's drunken feast.

T. Prov. iv., 14-27.—'Keep thy heart with all dilligence.

F. I. Thess. v., 1-23.—'Let us watch and be sober.'

S. Rom. xiii., 1-14. — 'Not in rioting and drunkenness.'

S. Eph. v., 1-21.—'Be not drunk with wine.'

Lesson Story.

Herod, the tetrarch, or ruler of Galilee, had slain John the Baptist, forerunner of Jesus, and was now haunted by the fear that this prophet had arisen from the dead in the person of Jesus Christ.

Herod put John the Baptist in prison because John had fearlessly rebuked him for a terrible sin. Herod had married his own brother's wife, while his brother was yet alive, her name was Herodias. They were very, very angry with John, and would have killed him right away had they not feared the people, who looked upon him as a prophet. So John languished in prison for some months. One day Herod was having a great feast as it was his birthday. The daughter of Herodias went into the banquet hall and danced before Herod and his companions. Herod was so delighted with her performance that he promised to give her anything she chose to ask for, even if it should be half of his kingdom.

Then the dancing girl's eyes sparkled with triumphant cruelty, for her mother had told her what she should ask for. Boldly she made her request. With sickening callousness she replied, 'Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger.'

Herod was taken aback, he had expected some plea for rich jewels or gorgeous attire. The request sobered him somewhat; he did not want to kill John, he was still afraid of what the people might say, but he was still more afraid of the nobles who sat at his feast. He had promised before them, and felt that in their sight he must fulfil his wicked oath, so he gave orders to his servants to go and behead John the Baptist and bring the head on a platter to the dancing girl, who took it to her mother.

The forerunner of the Messiah perished thus miserably in the eyes of the world, but for him a glorious entrance was granted into the everlasting heaven. His followers buried the mortal remains of John the Baptist, and carried their grief-stricken hearts to him who alone has healing balm for all such wounds.

Jesus Christ gives comfort which is strength.

Lesson Hymn.

Jesus knows thy sorrow,
Knows thine every care;
Knows thy deep contrition,
Hears thy feeblest prayer;
Do not fear to trust him—
Tell him all thy grief;
Cast on him thy burden,
He will bring relief.

Trust the heart of Jesus,
Thou art precious there;
Surely he would shield thee
From the tempter's snare;
Safely he would lead thee,
By his own sweet way,
Out into the glory,
Of a brighter day.

Jesus knows thy conflict,
Hears thy burdened sigh;
When the heart is wounded,
Hears the plaintive cry;
He thy soul will strengthen,
Overcome thy fears;
He will send thee comfort,
Wipe away thy tears.
— Ira D. Sankey.

Lesson Hints.

'Herod'—Antipas, son of Herod the Great.

'Tetrarch' — a tributary prince, originally the word meant 'ruler of a fourth part.' Herod was ruler of Galilee and of Perea, beyond Jordan, his yearly income is said to have been $328,500. Herod Antipas married the daughter of Aretas, King of Arabia Petrea, but sent her home when he saw and loved Herodias, his brother Philip's wife. King Aretas promptly made war upon and defeated the wretched Herod, who some years later was banished for life to France.

'Said unto his servants' — probably the whole court was full of speculations about the miracle-working Prophet of Galilee. In the thought of John the Baptist having risen from the dead, Herod might find a certain consolation for the awful crime of his murder. Then, again, if Jesus were but a reincarnation of John, he could not be the Messiah. The other popular idea concerning Jesus was that he was Elijah or that he was one of the old prophets come to life again.

'Daughter of Herodias danced' — it was very improper for a young girl to come before these drunken men. Dancing was rightly considered a low pastime in which it was most unbecoming for any self-respecting person to take part. Dancing has never helped to save a soul, on the contrary, many thousands of bright young souls have been wrecked on this rock of offence. One person may dance with perfect safety, but another taking pattern from him, may dance on to ruin of body and soul. Does your example point men on to heaven, are they sure of getting there if they follow your steps?

'Charger'—a platter or large dish.

'The king was sorry'—but he was a coward. He did not dare own up to his fault like a man. A bad promise is better broken than kept.

'Told Jesus'—who comforted them with his divine sympathy.

Primary Lesson.

'They went and told Jesus.'

The followers of John the Baptist had had a terrible sorrow. Their beloved leader had been killed by a cruel king to please a wicked dancing girl. Their hearts were almost broken with their loss, they felt, too, that their own lives were in danger. What could they do ? Which way should they turn for comfort?

Perhaps, after the quiet little funeral was over, they stood around the grave for a while wondering what to do next. The day seemed very dark and gloomy to them. Their way seemed filled with clouds. It seemed to them as if the sun could never again shine so brightly as it used to, the birds could never again sing so sweetly for them. Life scarcely seemed worth living.

At last some one thought of a plan, and the others all followed. They did the only thing that could bring them comfort, the only thing that could make their lives worth living, the only thing that has brought comfort to any broken heart in all the ages since then — 'they went and told Jesus.'

Dear little people, sometimes you have great sorrows to bear. Sometimes the world seems very dark to you, sometimes you think your heart is broken. What can you do? Did you ever hear of the person who binds up broken hearts?

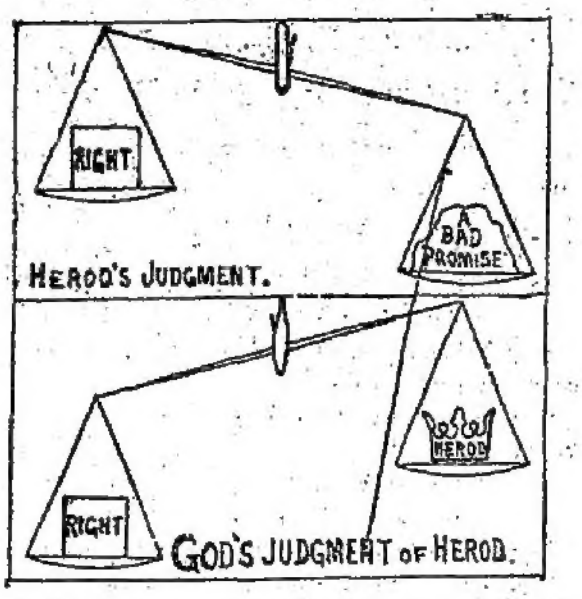
It is Jesus Christ. Come and tell Jesus all your troubles. Tell him the things you cannot tell any one else, he will understand, he will help you. Jesus will heal your wounded heart. Jesus will clear away the clouds, and make every day bright with the sunshine of his love. Jesus will comfort you, as only he can. In every trouble and difficulty you will find that the best and often the only way out is to go and tell Jesus, and obey his voice of love.

Suggested Hymns.

'Praise the Saviour,' 'For all thy saints who from their labor rest,' 'Tell it to Jesus alone,' 'I must tell Jesus,' 'What a Friend we have in Jesus,' 'The best Friend to have is Jesus,' 'Yield not to temptation,' 'Out of my bondage,' 'I've found a Friend in Jesus.'

The Lesson Illustrated.

This tells its own story. Herod weighed the law of God, his own knowledge of what was right, and the life of a good man, against a drunken promise, and to him the bad promise weighed heaviest. Therefore he executed John, and, therefore, God weighed Herod in the balance, and he was found wanting, and his kingdom taken from him.



If you can borrow such a pair of scales it will be an interesting change from the blackboard work. Of course you can make cardboard models of 'right,' the 'bad promise,' and the 'crown,' of the right weights to produce these results.

Practical Points.

MARCH 20. — Matt xiv., 1-12.

A. H. CAMERON.

A superstitious mind will trust imagination or sentiment rather than Providence, Verses 1, 2. He who dares to do right will not fear to rebuke wrong. Verses 3, 4. The greatest cowards are those who love darkness, and will not come to the light lest their deeds be reproved. Verse 5: I. John ii., 11. A dancing girl was the means of John the Baptist's execution. Better to break a bad oath than to keep it. Verses 6, 7. It is often the unexpected that happens, and King Herod was caught in his own trap. Neither moral courage nor love of truth came to the rescue of a tottering will. Verses 8, 9. The bleeding head of John the Baptist preached a sermon that still haunts the memory of Herodias and her daughter. Verses 10, 11. Silently, mournfully, the little group of tender-hearted disciples gather up for burial the remains of the great preacher, though the Master seems to have been absent from the funeral. Then they do what grief-stricken souls have done so often from then till now,—'went and told Jesus.' Verse 12.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Mar. 20.—The evils of all intemperance.—Prov. xxiii., 20, 21, 29-35.

How Can We Do Better.

Th esuperintendent of a great and successful Sunday-school, sometimes says, 'During this week, I wish every one of you, teachers and scholars, to give at least ten minutes to thinking how we may make our sunday-school better.' At a later meeting suggestions are in order. No one is too insignificant to be considered. Four-year-old Mary comes home from the infant-school and tells mamma that she wishes some things were done differently. Her childish notion may be entirely impracticable; then, of course, nothing can be done save to help in becoming wiser. But possibly the child is right. She wants something in Sunday-school that she does not get but might have. Then the superintendent and teachers set their brains at work to devise some way in which little Mary's need can be met. This is only a simple illustration of the spirit of the good school whose leaders mean to make it better. Every suggestion is considered. Many are visionary. Some come from chronic grumblers who find fault but never give a thought to improvement. Well, whatever may be the source of the hints or the spirit which prompts them, see if anything can be got out of them for the general good. Think what needs improving and study how to do better. Thus you are kept out of the 'ruts,' and may be going on unto perfection.'—'Living Epistle.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Untidy Ways.

'Some people—a great many people—seem to find mysterious pleasure in tearing up their letters on the mountains, and scattering innumerable tiny bits upon the rocks or heather, so that it is impossible to pick them up. At any favorite place, where the view is especially beautiful, and where everyone loves to linger to get the full enjoyment of it, the same kind of people sit down to take their luncheon—or tea—a business to which no one objects. But the meal ended, they proceed to scatter their greasy papers, their egg shells, orange peel, bones, and broken bottles, far and wide, to the complete vulgarization of such a spot, and the impossibility of any pleasure in it to people of any refinement. Unfortunately, it is not the lowest class of visitors only who are guilty in this matter. I have myself seen a bishop read his letters, tear them into small fragments, and scatter them round him. We Selbornians have plenty to do before we shall so educate public opinion that a man will as little dream of throwing litter about the mountains as he would of throwing his remnants of food upon the carpet, when dining at a friend's house,

'Think of our Panorama Hill, of which we are all so proud—a place where the artist, the poet, the lover of things beautiful is entranced—a place where each step leads on and on to ever new pictures of loveliness. That place which ought to be suggestive only of peace and sublimity, is during the season littered with papers and refuse like the commonest tea-garden, or most neglected street or market-place. Cannot we do something to prevent this desecration? It is so easy to dispose of all the scraps and litter that there is no shadow of a reason why one single bit of paper or shred of egg-shell should be left to mark the picnic place. The fragments can be buried or hidden beneath stones, or even be carried back to be thrown into the all-purifying, all-consuming fire—the fit end for rubbish of all kinds. We do not think half enough of the cleansing, purifying fire.—Selborne Paper.

The Children's Teacher.

Mothers, are you acquainted with your children's school teacher? Do you know what sort of a school-room your children have—whether the light strikes them full in the face or at one side, whether it is too crowded or too cold? Do you know what sort of a play-ground they have? Is it possible that you allow your children to spend one-fifth of their waking hours under an influence that you know nothing of, in surroundings that you have never seen? If so, have you not forgotten a part of your duty to them? And have you not forgotten your duty to their teacher? She is probably young, somewhat inexperienced, perhaps a stranger, somewhat lonely, or a little discouraged? Do you think she can do her best work under such circumstances? Don't you think she would do better justice to your children if you made her acquaintance and talked them over a little?

Perhaps one of your children is giving you extra trouble just now—passing through a sort of 'phase' that you cannot understand. How if you took the teacher into your confidence, learned from her how the child behaves in school, and how its conduct strikes her? There are countless ways in which your task and hers could be made more hopeful if you were working in co-operation, banded together for the good of the children whose responsibility you share. Perhaps the children's teacher has never learned to pray for her charges; perhaps she does not even pray for herself. Can you not help her here?—'American Messenger.'

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The publishers have again completed arrangements with one of the oldest and best seed houses in the Dominion to supply the 'Witness' collection of seeds for 1898 which were so popular last year with 'Messenger' subscribers. The seeds have been carefully selected as most suitable for all parts of the Dominion. No packages can be exchanged from one collection to another.

Offer No. 1.

The Farm Garden Collection.

To secure this collection of seeds free, send list of ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30c each.

	cents
Beans, Mammath Wax or Butter	.05
Beans, Wardwell's Kidney Wax	.05
Beet, extra early Intermediate	.05
Cabbage, first and best	.10
Cabbage, Premium, flat Dutch	.05
Carrot, early horn	.05
Carrot, half long Scarlet Nantes	.05
Cucumber, Impd. long Green	.05
Corn, sweet, early market	.10
Corn, sweet, evergreen	.05
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05
Musk Melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected yellow Danvers	.05
Onion, Silverskin, pickling	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, Tripled Curled	.05
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Radish, half long, Scarlet	.05
Pepper, long Red	.05
Spinach, long standing	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Squash, Vegetable Marrow	.05
Tomato, New Canada	.10
Turnip, Early White Stone	.05
Turnip, Purple Top, Swede	.05
Sage	.05
Summer Savory	.05
Total	$1.75

In addition to above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a packet of New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, 20c.

The Farm Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 75c, or with 'Messenger,' one year, $1.00.

Offer No. 2.

The Kitchen Garden Collection.

Five subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30 cents each secures this collection free.

	cents.
Beans, Mammoth Red German Wax	.05
Beet, extra early intermediate	.05
Cabbage, first and best	.10
Carrot, half long, Scarlet Nantes	.05
Cucumber, improved long green	.05
Corn, sweet early market	.10
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05
Musk Melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected, Yellow Danvers	.05
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, triple curled	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Tomato, New Canada	.10
Turnip, early stone	.05
Total	$1.10

In addition to the above an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, twenty cents.

The Kitchen Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c, or with 'Messenger,' one year, 70c.

Offer No. 3.

The Flower Garden Collection.

Send five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each, and secure offer No. 3 free.

	cents.
Aster, giant flowering, mixed colors.	.15
Sweet Mignonette	.05
Pansy, new giant flowering, mixed.	.10
Zinnia, mammoth double, all colors.	.10
Nasturtium, tall, mixed	.05
Portulaca	.05
Candytuft, all colors	.05
Morning Glory	.05
Pinks, Double, China	.05
Balsam, Improved double mixed	.10
Marvel of Peru	.05
Verbena, mammoth flowering	.10
Stocks, large flowering, ten weeks	.10
Sweet Peas, the finest selection	.10
Phlox Drummondi, all colors	.05
Petunia, finest, all colors and shades	.10
Total	$1.35

In addition to above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of new Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, twenty cents.

The Flower Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c, or with 'Messenger' one year, seventy cents.

ADDRESS:

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Office, Montreal.